

BOB OTT'S BIG SONG HIT



“CINNATI”

— Words & Music by —
Matthew Ott

Bob Ott Publishing Co
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CINCINNATI

Lyrics and Music by
MATTHEW OTT

VOICE

PIANO

rit.

There is one place West, That I love the best, It's a Ci - ty where they nev - er speak of wa - ter. Where the
In Chi - ca - go I Drank the town near dry, I al - so drank a lot in New York Ci - ty. Once I

lights are bright, And they sing all night; A place for ev - 'ry German son and' daugh - ter. No cock -
raised old Cain, Down in Port - land, Maine, A place where there's no license, more's the pit - y. Oft I

tails or gin, It's like dear Ber - lin, A life of la - ger beer and child - ish laugh - ter. And to -
think each morn, Of the dear friends gone, It makes me glum, I oft - en see blue de - mons, And it's

night I'm blue, For be - tween me and you, It's that dear old place I'm real - ly long - ing af - ter.
real - ly sad, All the friends I had, Have passed a - way with old de - lir - ium tre - mens.

CHORUS

Cin - cin na - ti, — Cin - cin - na - ti, — Where the night is al - ways day, — And the

noise there, and the joys there, And the boys there, al - ways gay. — It's Bo -

he - mia, — Dear Bo - he - mia, — Where all cares are light as foam, — Take me

back there, to that shack there, My old Cin - cin - na - ti home.